

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.

THERESA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was near the close of August, and the heat had during the whole day been unusually oppressive. Towards sunset, what little air there was died away, so that there was not enough to waft abroad the thistle's down, and the waters of Plymouth Bay seemed sleeping within its deeply indented shores. There was not a sound, save the shrill cry of the sea-birds, as they wheeled with rapid flight, which smote upon the hearts of the inhabitants as the precursor of a storm.— There was one house, the humble abode of a poor widow and her son, which being situated on an eminence, and nearer the shore than any other, commanded the prospect of the bay. Thither, as the shades of evening began to fall, a number of the more active and robust men of the community, as well as women and children, repaired, to watch the return of the boats which had departed in the morning, for a cloud like a man's hand was already visible in the western sky. One by one they arrived, and before daylight had entirely faded, the last had returned, and was with the others, carefully secured. By the time they had effected this, although the cloud was but little expanded, the wind with a low wailing voice occasionally swept over the waves, and a sudden shiver, now and then, ran through the tops of the trees.

Among the last boat's crew, was John Carwick, the widow's son, and they all hastened with him to his mother's dwelling, not for shelter from the coming tempest, but to procure boat-hooks and whatever else might be of use in rescuing persons from the waves; for they had descried a vessel in the offing, which if the wind blew as heavily as they had reason to expect, must be driven back upon some flats which it had already passed, and go to pieces. As they gained the inside of the threshold, a venerable, white-haired man knelt down in the midst of the little assembly, and in a few words returned fervent thanks for their safe return.

When it was known that a ship was in peril, all who were able prepared, at once, to go to the shore, for there was one point where the current set in so strongly for the land, that whatever objects came within its reach, must drift ashore, though the wind was in a direction to drive them out to sea. By the time they had arrived at the spot, the tempest had risen in its might, and blackness covered the heavens as a garment. But for the foam that crested the billows, the water could not have been distinguished from the land, except when illumined by the red glare of the lightning. At these moments every eye was fixed on the place of anchorage, between the capes of the bay, where the looked for object could be clearly discerned.

'If her anchors will only hold,' said John Carwick, 'she may ride out the gale.'

'That will be impossible,' said an old seaman.

His prediction was soon verified. Not more than five minutes had elapsed, when the lightning showed them, that the wind was driving her on to the shoals. All knew now, that her destruction was inevitable, and awaited the event in silence. Once more, and only once, they beheld her driving madly on towards the spot that would seal her doom. A few minutes, and they imagined, though it might have been only the shrieking of the tempest, that they heard cries, such as are uttered by human beings in that moment of wild agony when they know that they must perish. Suddenly the wind shifted so as to impel whatever might be drifting upon the waves, towards the southern shore of the bay. All, except John Carwick, now hastened to place themselves at intervals along the shore: he still retained his station. The storm soon afterwards began to lull, and a few stars struggling through the skirts of the clouds, cast a faint light upon the bay.--Fragments of the wrecked vessel soon began to be driven upon the beach, together with several casks, boxes and trunks. As one of the latter darted forward almost at his feet, Carwick observed something lashed upon the top. On examination he found it to be a child apparently less than a year old. Cutting the cord which secured it with his jack-knife, he took the child in his arms and hastened home. The most approved means of resuscitation were resorted to, and in a short time the infant gave signs of life. She was wrapped in a large and elegant shawl, and her clothing, in every respect, was of that rich and tasteful kind which led them to conclude that she was the daughter of wealthy parents. A fine linen handkerchief which had been disposed in such a manner as to shield the child's head and neck, was marked with the initials, 'T. M.' Other bodies were

soon brought in; among the rest, that of a middle-aged female, whom some conjectured was the mother of the child; but every attempt to restore them to life proved ineffectual. Of all contained in the ill-fated vessel, the infant alone was saved. The ensuing morning, the contents of the trunk which had proved to it the ark of safety, were examined in presence of suitable persons. They consisted of several rich female garments of a foreign fashion, and an abundant supply of every kind of clothing necessary for the child; but what attracted the greatest attention, was the miniature of a very beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, which was set with gems of great price. On the back of the miniature was inscribed the name of Theresa. Next to the miniature, a letter addressed to Jeanette Monsigny excited the most intense interest, but as it was written in French no one could make it out, not even the school-master, who, although well versed in the Greek and Latin languages, knew none beside, except the vernacular. The name by which the letter was subscribed not being written very legibly, opinions differed respecting it.

Although Mrs Carwick was poor, depending upon the industry of her son, who owned a small share in a fishing-boat, for a livelihood, she felt determined to keep the child, and John, who was probably more attached to her from having been instrumental in rescuing her from the waves, warmly acceded to his mother's wishes. The beauty of the child, no doubt, at first, had its influence in winning their affection, which an uncommonly sweet and tractable temper, in the room of that waywardness often resulting from too much indulgence, was pretty sure to retain.

Efforts were made, from time to time, to obtain information concerning the wrecked vessel and crew, more especially the names of the passengers, which in

every instance proved unsuccessful.— Subsequently, Mrs Carwick and her son adverted to the subject with reluctance, for so attached had they become to the child, that the possibility of her being claimed by her friends, was exceedingly painful to them. Theresa being inscribed on the miniature, they concluded to call her by that name, to which Carwick was added as a matter of course.

One day, removing the trunk from which she had just been taking all the clothing to air, Mrs Carwick remarked that it felt remarkably heavy, and upon a careful examination she found that it contained a false bottom, beneath which were deposited four hundred Spanish dollars. This was indeed a prize for persons in humble circumstances, and the mother and son consulted together as to the best method of appropriating it for Theresa's benefit. They finally concluded to suffer it, for the present, to remain in its place of concealment, as the means of bestowing upon her a better education than persons of their class had the power of giving their children; for they felt persuaded that her relations were rich, and were desirous, should she ever be claimed by them, that they should have no cause to blush for her ignorance. At a proper age, she was placed at one of the best schools in the Old Colony, and by her application and improvement well repaid the judicious kindness of her friends and benefactors. When at home, she was a cheerful and ready assistant to Mrs Carwick in her household duties, and though it had been suggested to her, that could she find the station in which she was born, she would undoubtedly be a fine lady, she assumed no airs inconsistent with that in which she had been provisionally placed.

At seventeen, she was extremely beautiful, but her style of beauty was entirely different from that of any of the young girls with whom she associated. There

was something foreign in her clear, olive complexion, in the luxuriance of her long, jet black hair, and in her eyes of the same hue animated with joy or swimming with tenderness, as well as in her firm, yet most feminine and lovely mouth. John Carwick was conscious that he felt for her more than the tenderness due to an adopted sister, yet he had the good sense to feel that she was not the person suitable to be his bride. The disparity between them was in every respect too great; and although, as has been already intimated, she cheerfully performed her part of the most servile household labor, he had ever felt a repugnance to see her thus engaged.

While at school, there was nothing she had been so desirous to attain as a knowledge of the French language, that she might be enabled to read the letter which had been found in the trunk. The first night after her return, she succeeded in making the subjoined translation, after she had retired to her room.

‘HAVANA, April 10, 18—.

‘By letters received by the Marie, I find that my sister Theresa survived her husband only a few months, leaving her infant daughter to your care until I could be consulted. It is my desire, as well as that of my wife, to adopt the child as our own. I have therefore made arrangements with the captain of the Arcadie to bring her to Cuba; for although when he returns from France, he will touch at one of the northern ports of the United States, as he is a particular friend of mine, I prefer that she should come in his vessel.— You will, therefore, engage a good and careful nurse to take charge of her, and should it accord with your inclination, I should be gratified to have you accompany them.’

The name of the writer, as heretofore, she was unable to decipher.

She did not inform Mrs Carwick and John, that she was now able to read the

outlandish letter, as they called it, for she knew that any prospect, however faint, of her going to dwell in another land, would be exceedingly painful to them; and she could not bear so soon to break in upon the enjoyment afforded them by her return.

She now no longer doubted that the miniature was the resemblance of her mother, and it being a lovely afternoon in June, possessing herself of the casket containing that and the letter, she stole forth unobserved to a spot near the sea-shore. She had seated herself in the shadow of a rock, and was just unfolding the letter, when a stranger who had been wandering on a part of the beach hidden from her view by a high headland, suddenly made his appearance. His broad-brimmed Panama sombrero, at sight of her, was instantly transferred from his head to his hand, while he apologized in perfectly intelligible, though somewhat broken English, for unintentionally interrupting her solitude. She replied with a voice in which a slight tremor might have been detected, for she had heard John Carwick remark that a vessel had recently arrived from one of the West India Islands, and she felt persuaded that the person now before her belonged to it. She imagined, although not probable, it was possible that he or some other person belonging to the vessel, might be able to give her some information relative to her connexions. For a moment she felt resolved to show him the miniature and letter, and relate to him the manner in which, when an infant, she was cast upon the shore where they now stood; but the look of admiration with which he met her glance, as she raised her eyes to put her design into execution, deterred her. By a person unacquainted with them, they might have been taken for brother and sister. He was apparently a few years her senior, tall and finely formed. His brow was high and clear, round which

hair black and glossy as her own, clustered in short, rich curls. His straight, finely chiselled nose too, was not unlike hers, except that it sprang more boldly from his forehead. He wore the broad Spanish shirt-collar turned back so as to disclose his throat; and the whole of his dress was of a picturesque style, calculated to set off his person to much advantage. Theresa now began to recollect that it was improper for her to remain longer in the presence of an entire stranger, and hastily courtesying, she turned and proceeded rapidly towards home.—He remained on the spot, following her with his eyes, till a turn in the path hid her from his view.

Two days elapsed, during which she neither saw him nor heard him mentioned. On the third, as they were sitting at dinner, John Carwick mentioned that he had become acquainted with a young man who had recently arrived in a vessel from Cuba, who was so very polite and civil, and who appeared so melancholy at being alone in a strange land, that he had invited him to come and take tea with them that afternoon. The color deepened on Theresa's cheeks, for she suspected that it was the handsome stranger whom she had seen near the sea-shore; and as Mrs Carwick put on her plain muslin handkerchief and her cap with its nicely crimped border, she wondered what made her adopted daughter so very difficult with respect to the arrangement of her dress and her beautiful hair.

Her toilet being, at length, completed, they seated themselves in the parlor, which with 'its whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,' and fire-place filled with green boughs, answered well to the description given by Goldsmith of the one which graced the inn of Sweet Auburn. The hours wore wearily away till four o'clock, the time which John said they might expect them.

A single glance told Theresa, as she

saw the looked-for guest, in company with John, winding up the path that led to the house, that her conjectures concerning him had been right. Carwick introduced him by the name of Velandez.

'If I understand aright, your name is Theresa,' said he, after they had conversed a while on indifferent topics.

'It is,' she replied.

'With that name,' said he, 'is associated a very painful incident which happened when I was a child of four or five years old, and which has been kept fresh in my memory by hearing it frequently recur to by my parents and others.'

'Will you relate it?' said Mrs Carwick.

'There is little to relate,' replied he: 'I only know that the vessel containing the infant daughter of my father's only sister, Theresa Monsigny, who after her marriage resided with her husband in France, was lost, and that all on board perished.'

'Not all,' exclaimed Theresa, rising involuntarily.

'No,' said Mrs Carwick, 'strange as it may seem, while the strong man perished, the helpless infant was saved;' and she then briefly related the manner in which she had been rescued from the waves, and why they had given her the name of Theresa.

Velandez, in his turn, related the incidents which Theresa already knew by reading the letter addressed to Jeannette Monsigny, who was, as she now ascertained, a sister to her father.

Having closed his relation, 'Will you now permit me,' said he, 'to examine the miniature and the letter Mrs Carwick made allusion to?'

Theresa produced the casket in which they were enclosed. He eagerly drew the miniature from its case. 'This speaks at once,' said he. 'It is the exact resemblance of a portrait that has always, since my remembrance, hung in my father's library, which, he said, was painted a year

or two before his sister's marriage. Yes, Theresa, you are the cousin whose loss I so bitterly wept, when they told me that you were sleeping beneath the waves.—'This letter too,' rapidly glancing his eyes over the contents, 'confirms the same delightful truth. It was written by my father, but I am now, like you, an orphan.'

There was so much to say, that the usual hour for tea passed unnoticed; but when Mrs Carwick happened to observe that it was almost sunset, a fire was kindled, and the tea-kettle hung over a blaze that gave promise that the water therein contained would soon be raised to the desirable temperature. The last three hours had, however, been so exciting as to deprive them all of appetite; and Mrs Carwick's nice cakes and butter were scarcely tasted.

From this time, Velandez was a daily and a most welcome visitant. Even John soon succeeded in subduing the last pang of jealousy, which his presence at first awakened.

In about three months, a small party was assembled in Mrs Carwick's parlor, which presented the same appearance as when Velandez made his first call, except that a cheerful blaze enlivened the fireplace, instead of the green boughs, which in summer looked so bright and fresh.

By the side of the handsomest and noblest looking of the young men who were present, stood the loveliest and one of the youngest of the females, attired in a simple, but elegant bridal dress. A shade of becoming thoughtfulness overspread the countenance of each as they listened to the impressive words of the unostentatious ceremony that united them for life.

Having determined to make New England his home, the social advantages, in his estimation, more than compensating for a less salubrious climate, Velandez purchased a delightful villa on the banks of the Merrimack. Here, he and his wife received an annual visit from Mrs

Carwick and her son; they being, after the first year, accompanied by a very decent and comely looking person, no less welcome than themselves, whom John, after due deliberation, had chosen as a helpmate.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

In the calm stillness of the night,
When care and tumult rest a while,
When, on the wave the moon shines bright,
How dear the light of Friendship's smile.

Now mem'ry's eye may scan those years,
When childhood's joys were bright as pure,
Ere cold misfortune urged our tears,
Or pleasures false displayed their lure.

Fair vision of those days, yet stay!
Why would'st thou hence so soon depart?
Now, while I watch the moon's pale ray,
Remain the solace of my heart.

Though sorrow oft may coldly gleam
Along my path—thence joy beguile,
Yet is it warmed by one soft beam,
Caught from the light of Friendship's smile.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE SACRIFICE.

An oriental sunrise is a glorious sight to witness. To see the 'king of day' enthroned in cloudless splendor upon the eastern hills, ready to pour a flood of golden light upon the wide stretched plains beneath, is a scene well fitted to awaken sublime emotions—emotions of joy, of praise and adoration.

But there was a morning, long to be treasured in the memory of mortals, when this glorious scene enkindled far different emotions in the human heart; and that heart went to be full of pious and poetic feeling.

Throughout the awful night which preceded, no gentle sleep had refreshed his care-worn heart. No fair visions of coming years had led their bright dance before his troubled mind; but deep-felt anguish, heart-corroding care, his bosom heaved, 'a troubled sea of woes.'

Tell me, ye parents (who alone can tell)—tell me the nature of that tie which binds you to your first-born babe. Tell me, as memory bears you back to the blest hour when budding embryo blossomed into life, the anxious care, the sleepless eye, that watched its first existence. Recal the happy day when infant lips first lisped a *father's* name; the happy hour when first you watched its tottering steps, and caught it falling in a *mother's* arms. The anxious hour recal, when the fair flower, nipped by untimely frosts, on sickness' couch laid helpless, turned its glazed eye, and stretched its little hands, as if 'twould bid a long and last farewell; and from the cold brow you wiped the clammy sweats of death. Recal the last kind rites of christian burial, when forced to take the last lingering look, and drop the last burning tear upon the idol of your fond affections, and hear the deep-toned bell that seemed to strike the knell of your departed hopes, and see the slow procession move onward to the house appointed to the living, and hear the rattling clod fall heavy on the coffin, and follow back to your deserted home, and find the child has *really gone*—O then sad hours recal, and tell the strength of a fond parent's love. Then think a while of him, that *aged sire*, and drop the liberal tear of sympathy.

O were it his, to sit beside his dying boy, and wear away the weary night in watchful care, in silence undisturbed, save by the plaintive breath, or pain-wrung moan; and list to hear that breathing fainter grow; and hark to hear no more that gentle voice; then close those tender eyes in their last sleep—O that hard

task had been extatic joy, compared with his.

But no alternative awaits the faithful man of God. A plain command, not clothed, like ancient Oracle's response, in words ambiguous and of double sense, but plain as tongue can utter, a sacrifice. A sacrifice of blood—of *human, kindred* blood; bone of his bone; and the same blood that coursed the father's veins, coursing the son's. O what a trial this, for faith. To save his land, the pariot freely dies; to save his friend, the partner of his life, life is itself a meagre sacrifice. O worse than death one's second self to slay! No heathen mind e'er put to such a test! If human victims bled to appease enraged divinities, as Carthage saw, when on her altars bled her noble sons, or Hinnem's vale, where, bathed in lurid fire, his victims fell at Molech's impious shrine; priests trained to deeds of blood, the task assume, and parents turn away their weeping eyes.

What sorrows weighed, his heart alone can tell who felt their pressing weight. But did he turn and curse his God, charging *deceit* upon Omnipotence? Had he beguiled by promise, fair as false, of spreading lands, and people countless as the innumerable stars, or helpless, urged by some resistless fate, founded his hopes on air? In his old age to see them fall, blasted and shattered on his hoary head? And did he now curse God, his work forsake, and worship pay to Baal? He had, unless supported by supernatural aid—unless sustained by the hand of heaven-born Faith—*she* lent her influence in that trying hour, and stayed his trust, serenely fixed on God.

With simple fare, the humble board was spread, which shepherds served in patriarchal days: a *father, mother*, and an only son comprised the frugal feast. On Abraham's brow unwonted sadness sat, and Sarah's face reflected back the gloom, which Isaac saw, and silent wondered at the mutual grief.

The servants cited and the beast prepared, laden with wood cleaved for the sacrifice, father and son reluctant leave their home. Two days they wind their journey through a land, desert as their own hearts. The destined hill the third morn's sun portrays, sketched in bold outlines on the western sky. Not yet had David's city reared its gentle sides, or temple crowned its lofty brow. A solitary mount unknown, save as the place where David reared an altar to his God in gratitude, when stayed the pestilence which swept from Israel's race full seventy thousand men, and brought to Israel's heart contrite remorse.

The hour has come. The awful tragedy bursts on his sight in dread reality. The sight of that dread mountain form falls like a death pall on his sinking soul. Long time in dubious contest strive contending passions there for mastery; till conquered nature, yielding up the fight, triumphant *Faith* bears off the victory.

His passions calmed, his spirits all resigned, on Isaac laid the sacrificial wood; the fire prepared, the knife in girdle hung, a naked, uncased blade, the patriarch bids the young men tarry in the plain, 'while we our worship pay on yonder mountain's brow.' In silence sad, father and son ascend Moriah's hill. All things prepared, save one, which Isaac missing, as if pert to whet the keenness of paternal agony, and call the passions into second strife, cries with inquisitive amaze, 'Lo, here's the sacrificial wood and fire, but where's the sacrificial *lamb*?' *That lamb himself.* The patriarch breathes a silent prayer, and *Faith's* strong language answers back, 'God will provide himself a lamb.'

Of uncarved stone, an altar rudely reared, the wood arranged, the passive victim bound; one moment more, the uplifted blade a father's hand had bathed in filial blood. But 'twas enough. 'Stay,' cried an angel's voice; 'O Abraham, stay thine hand, and spare thy child. Thy

faith is proved: thy dearest object not withheld from God, sufficient test! The father stood surprised—unspeakably surprised, and full of joy; unbound his son, and offered in his stead a sacrifice in truth, by God prepared.

The yielding air a second voice divides, pronouncing blessings on the patriarch's head: 'Because thou'st not withheld thine only son, I've sworn,' thus saith the Lord, 'that blessing, I will bless and multiply thy seed, as stars in heaven or sands upon the ocean shore, innumerable. It shall possess the gates of conquered enemies, blessing all nations in its Author's name, because my voice thou hast obeyed.'

Thus spake the angel heralds, and returned swift to the heavenly courts.—Slowly, with cautious step, Abraham and Isaac now descend the hill, before Moriah called; henceforward named, in token of God's providential care, Jehovah Jireh in the Hebrew tongue. D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

PRAYER.

'Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.'—Ps. lv. 17.

When rosy-fingered morning
Unlocks the halls of light,
And Phœbus slowly rising,
Dispels the gloom of night;
While plain and woodland smiling
Beneath his joyous ray,
In harmony uniting,
Salute the king of day;

O catch the inspiration
Of universal song,
With praise and adoration
The glorious strain prolong.
Before the day commencing,
Its duty and its care,
No earthly thought intruding,
Pour out thy soul in prayer.

When in mid heaven careering,
The burning steeds of sun,
And nature lies repining

Beneath the scorching noon;
While husbandmen reclining
Beneath the cooling shade,
And neighboring cattle lowing
Amid the forest glade;

When thine own spirit's drooping,
And languishing thy frame,
With humbler faith relying
Alone on Jesus' name;
Go seek the lonely arbor,
Where none but God doth hear,
And filled with holy ardor,
Pour out thy soul in prayer.

When in the west descending
Behind the ocean flood,
His lingering beams still gilding
The mountain top and wood;
His chariot still delaying,
Although his race is run,
Like holy Christian dying,
Retires the setting sun;

Join in the vespers rising
From every stream and wood,
And swell the natural anthem
Ascending up to God:
Thy grateful thanks returning
For providential care,
His future guidance craving,
Pour out thy soul in prayer. D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE. A SOURCE OF IMPROVEMENT.—The individual who cultivates a contemplative mind, and who views the attributes of his Creator in all their simplicity and grandeur, not only regards the objects by which he is surrounded as subservient to the will of their Creator in performing the operation allotted to them in relation to the material universe, merely, but also as designed for his own moral or religious improvement. It is not necessary that the rising sun should shoot its genial rays over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns and shake the lofty forest, and raise the proud surges of the mighty ocean; nor that the

roaring and deafening cataract, the majestic river proudly riding in its beauty and peace; nor that the rushing storm, carrying havoc in its mad career: it is not necessary that these should proclaim to him the majesty of his God. There is not an insect in the material universe, however minute it may be, nor a vegetable of so low an order as not to be honored with bearing some marks of the existence of a great Creator—marks not only of his glory and power, but also of his wisdom and benevolence. When we behold the world which we inhabit so full of activity and life, decorated in the most beautiful garb which Nature can bestow; and then direct our eyes upward, and view those numberless luminaries which spangle the sky; and as science teaches us that they are suns lighting other systems, and like ours, surrounded with a glorious retinue of worlds, and teeming with life and beauty, what time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that great and Eternal Being! Can a man who, by divine meditations, so familiarizes himself with the laws by which the universe is governed, and is admitted, as it were, into conversation with this ineffable, incomprehensible Being, by whose power it was created and is sustained, think days, or years, or ages too long for the contemplation of so ravishing a glory and dignity? Shall man absorb the noble powers of his intellect in the trifling amusements and palling pleasures of this world, when those powers which are now dormant might be exercised in studies so high, so glorious, and so important? No! but let him, as a rational and accountable being, rather attempt to fulfil the object for which he was created; and when he looks abroad upon the world, learn to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God.'

W.

The only test of the utility of knowledge, is its promoting the happiness of mankind.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

They say that life's morning is always serene,

That its sun rises free from dark clouds,
That no thick mists of sorrow or gloom intervene,

That no shadow its beauty enshrouds.

And they say that a strange gay bird of light,

Warbles notes of all music most sweet,
And its song of enchantment and plumage so bright,

Oft entice their still wavering feet.

And they say that a rainbow each flower adorns,

Which blossoms so fair round their path—
They see but the rose blighted not by the thorns,

For then there's no tempest to scathe.

But oh, is this true? Is youth's spring thus fair,

Is it always so sunny, so joyous, and bright,
Is the heart ne'er filled with forebodings and care,

Does it not feel oftimes sorrow, the blight?

Ah yes! the young heart oft with anguish is torn,

Its cup of deep bitterness full,
And though a bright smile on the face may be worn,

Clouds of darkness hang over the soul.

But there's a real joy the unhappy may know,

The brightest, the truest, to earth ever given,
A joy which is found not, is known not below,

It descends from the glories of Heaven.

JANE.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

HOPE.

This is a faculty of the human mind, without which man would be compelled to spend his life as upon a vast desert, where he must travel without one ray of hope to cheer his drooping spirits, without one solitary spot to rest his weary foot, and without one cooling drop of water to

allay the burning thirst of his mouth. It is this which prompts the mariner upon the mighty ocean, when his bark is driven to and fro upon the boisterous waves, when the thunder's peal rends the elements in twain, when the forked lightning darts across the sky, when heaven and earth apparently meet to join in dark and tempestuous war, then *it* alone can prompt him to put forth all his efforts and exertions by which he may outride the fury of the storm, and reach in safety the destined haven of rest. Animated by the same innate principle, the student is enabled to put forth all his intellectual faculties, and by his unremitted efforts, gradually to ascend the mount of knowledge: and though the road be rough and the ascent be steep, yet Hope spreads forth to his assistance her almost supernatural powers, and enables him to triumph over every obstacle, and points out to his fainting vision the temple of glory 'shining afar,' as a reward which will richly compensate for all his trials and difficulties.

The true essence of a well founded hope shows itself most conspicuously, and dressed in its most beautiful and lovely garb in its influence upon the man of God as he departs from the mortal state. He perceives the glimmering of the taper by which he has been guided through the trials of life, fast sinking into oblivion, and the sun of his mortal career fast sinking, never to rise again, and he is fast entering upon eternal realities, yet *Hope*, that alleviator of our sorrows, comes riding upon the chariot of Faith, eradicates the gloom which has been fast gathering around his wearied senses, and bids him look forward to that state upon which he is about to enter, as eternally glorious, and will far more than remunerate him for the labors which he has been called to undergo.

W.

There is a pleasure in tender sensations which far surpasses any that ill-natured ones are capable of creating.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE STRICKEN FAMILY.

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

FACTS are the foundation of my story—only I omit *real* names for reasons which will appear obvious to the reader. Mine is not a romantic "love tale;" though there may be some romance, and a spice of genuine *love* connected with it; yet it is one, the remembrance of which vibrates a chord in the very centre of my soul.—It chastens the flowing feelings of my heart, and checks the gushing tide of worldly hope and ambition. It eloquently proclaims the uncertainty and instability of earthly good, relations, and prospects: it affords something of the *bright*, and much of the *dark* side of the picture of human life;—it proves the oft demonstrated fact that many "suns go down at noon."

In the town of N., co. of Franklin, Mass., there is a district of highland known by the name of "South Mountain." It is so called, I suppose, because it lies in the Southeast part of the town. A part of this district lifts itself above the surrounding creation, and swells into an oblong mountain some three or four miles in length. At its southern extremity there is a sudden break in the arrangement of Nature, and the mountain rises several hundred feet perpendicular, and sends down from its ragged, rocky summit, upon the beholder at its base, a menacing look—a savage frown; and really seems to threaten to let loose upon him a swinging block of granite, which for ages has hung in that position, we know not how. The upward prospect is wild and startling in the extreme; and one instinctively shrinks back from contemplating it in its immediate vicinity. When, however, despite the acclivity we have gained the summit, the prospect is beautiful, grand, glorious, enrapturing! and the excitable beholder quite likely will leap, and shout,

and clap his hands for very joy, because of the rich, radiant beauties—the charming loveliness—the elevating sublimities which lie scattered o’er all the sweeping distance around him. On the west, deep in the valley, roll the placid waters of Connecticut river, which winds itself through verdant lands and fertile meadows, crooked as the darting serpent when threading his lightning way in the thicket.

Farther still in the west, rise in gentle acclivities and easy gradations the Green mountains—sending up their loftiest ridges and peaks to hold communion with the clouds. Grandeur sits upon their summit as a throned monarch,—pleased to play with the zephyrs of a summer’s morning, or to quarrel with the wild winds of a winter’s day. Away in the north and northwest rise in verdant rivalry the “everlasting hills” of New Hampshire and Vermont. They also swing themselves round into the northeast, and so form a strong and beautiful amphitheatre; braced and secured on its southern termination by one of Nature’s finest pyramids,—the Monadnock mountain. If we turn to the east, we shall see “Mount Grace,” peering up to salute the eye, a huge pedestal, on which the gods might safely build their earthly habitation; and if we look farther on, farms and forests, cottages and villages, and now and then the glittering spire of a Church will multiply on our vision, until the prospect ceases and is lost in the limits of the horizon. In the mellow, radiant south, loveliness holds her enchanting empire; and whichever way we turn “gazing wonder lingers” around the contemplation of the varied works of nature’s God—paralyzed with delight. Such is the inspiring view from the highest ridge of South mountain. On either side of the mountain run two “country streets” parallel to it, and constitute two pleasant and social neighborhoods, made up of the yeomanry, the “bone and sinew” of the land. In the

street which hangs on the western side of the mountain lived, some years since, a man whom I will call JOSEPH ELLENWOOD. He was a short, close-built, jolly little man, of but little education, and simple in his habits. He was sometimes called “Uncle Joseph;” and sometimes saluted as “Deacon,” in consequence of an office which he held in the Church in his riper years. His manners, of course, could not partake of the artificial refinement of the higher walks of life—yet he was bland and courteous; and in his intercourse with the world, honest and upright. His spirits were buoyant and elastic; and though sometimes clouds gathered thick and heavy upon Uncle Joseph’s prospects, and the tempests of misfortune howled furious around him, still a kind or jocose remark would kindle a smile on his sombre countenance, and explode the troubled elements of his soul in the rapturous laugh of joy. I loved the little old man for his jovial temper, and kind attention to children, and have spent with him, in my boyhood, many a happy day—around which memory still loves to linger, and to gather up the pleasing incidents of childhood and youth.

Uncle Joseph was never rich in this world’s goods, but he inherited the “poor man’s blessing,” or wealth, to a large amount: he had a numerous family, consisting of a wife and twelve children; for all of whom he possessed the highest degree of paternal love and solicitude. To make temporal provision for the many and multiplying wants of so large a family can certainly be considered no ordinary task. It must cost wisdom, anxiety, labor, *toil*; and then, perhaps, the fond parent must be compelled to sigh over his inability amply to supply the necessities of his confiding, dependent wife and children. None but the poor, or those who have been poor, can sympathise with the children of poverty. The rich can know nothing about it; no; not even by

contrast. A man must actually measure with his own footsteps the naked vale of *want*, before he can duly appreciate the circumstances of the sons and daughters of destitution.

* * * * *

Francis Ellenwood was the oldest son of Uncle Joseph,—a bright and active lad as ever was raised among the mountains. In earliest childhood he enacted innocent roguery to perfection; in boyhood he was the cunning peeper-in at all the key-holes—the curious examiner of all things he could lay his hands on;—and in the ripeness of youth he was the best musician and mechanic among all his young competitors. In person, Francis somewhat resembled his father—only he was stronger and handsomer. He was one of the fairest and noblest of the sons of poverty.—His spirits flowed in abundance, and without interruption; and glee never exerted its exhilarating influence on his exuberant nature more than when he was pacing some public thoroughfare to the sound of martial music, and with military exactness. Poverty of circumstance compelled Francis to “earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;” but in this he knew he was only treading in the unpropitious pathway which had been measured by the tardy footsteps of thousands before him. He would be up with the sun—out, and commence his daily task amid the dewy influences of the morning—or into his shop, singing and whistling joyous as a songster of the wood!—and then, in the twilight he was far more constant in sending forth on the balmy air the charming music of his mellow voice, or the startling roll of his well-beat drum, than the nightingale or whippoorwill.—Francis loved the sport of his evening drum in particular, and by its hoarse and martial sounds kept alive the chivalrous and daring spirit of the “old revolutionary war”—not only in his own bosom, but in all the hardy sons of “South moun-

tain.” Many have been the summer evenings, after the glowing heavens had been pouring their molten light on the earth, and while the red hot, retiring sun yet shot a few burning rays from behind the Green mountains—have I walked the lonely lane or field while, despite the falling shadows of the mountain which spread a mantle of gloom o’er all the sweeping vale below, my young heart leaped for joy as the rapturous roll of “Frank’s drum” came booming over the fields! Nor was I alone; other eager spirits caught the “flying joy,” and the watch-word for the night was—“Fun and frolic!”

Frank spent the season of his youth joyfully, but as he verged on to manhood he laid aside “childish things,” and applied himself most industriously to his business and soon accumulated a handsome amount of property,—more than any other young man in all the place could boast. He did this beside the assistance which he rendered his honest, hard-working father, and those kind attentions he bestowed on his mother and sisters.

The earthly prospects of Francis Ellenwood were never brighter than at this time; for he had not only become a member of the aristocracy of ‘forehanded’ mechanics, but had won the heart of LAURA CARLTON—a beautiful girl—fair as the mountain rose, and daughter of a rich farmer and neighbor of Mrs Ellenwood. Francis and Laura were schoolmates in childhood, and the respectful attachment they then formed for each other had increased and strengthened with each succeeding year, and was now ripened into the holy affection of *love*. Their vows were plighted to each other; and though they postponed, for a while, the ‘tying of the nuptial knot’—yet, the anticipation of the propitious hour which they already saw down the vista of twenty months, luminous as the morning star, was their chiefest source of enjoyment. While the intervening days, as the rippling rill mur-

mured slowly on, they spent and killed the hours in meditating on the rich enjoyments of conjugal and domestic life.

Young Ellenwood possessed an athletic body, and a proud, ambitious spirit, and ample ability to accomplish whatever he undertook. He considered himself 'second best' to no man, and determined, in process of time, to show his townsmen that the bonds of poverty and humble origin were not so strong but they could be snapped asunder; and the soil of want's dreary vale so positively sterile as that it could not be clad in the green drapery and rich verdure of plenty and wealth.

In keeping with these manly sentiments were all his movements and operations. He left the neighborhood of his father and purchased a situation in the lovely village of N., right among the dons of the town, and whose aristocratic democrats affected to look down upon their neighbors, unblest of wealth, with 'perpendicular contempt.'

The tardy months had almost rolled away, and the time was coming on apace for the consummation of the fondest hopes of Francis Ellenwood and Laura Carlton. The day, even, for the matrimonial union had been fixed upon and appointed; and all was joyous bustle and hurly burly in making preparation for the happy time.

That day arrived; but it brought with it other scenes and circumstances than had been anticipated, and other emotions than had been deemed possible to be realized. Its sun arose; but it was enveloped in clouds! It went up the steep of heaven; but dismal gloom intercepted all its rays!—It set as usual; but it was in the blackness of a starless night.

On a Monday morning, some three weeks before he was to receive the hand of Laura Carlton, young Ellenwood rose early to transact his business, but found himself ill. The pulsations of his heart were quick and intermittent; darting

pains pierced his temples, and languor came stealing upon his whole frame.—His appetite and happy flow of spirits were gone, but not his ambition. He put on his hat and cloak and sallied forth in the direction of Mrs Carlton's, but soon returned. He started again; but paused upon the threshold and took his last-lin-gering-farewell look of nature's scenes! returned again—retired to his room—threw himself on his bed from which he arose no more!

A malignant fever had seized upon his system which baffled all human skill, and raged with unabating fury until it had burned up the vital principle. If love and the unwearied assiduities of friends could have saved him, he would have been restored to health in an hour. But alas! the unequalled archer had pursued him until he had lodged the fatal arrow in the sanctuary of life! The decree had gone forth, and grim Death would not be turned aside! "Death loves a shining mark," and in selecting young Ellenwood the monster displayed the wisdom of choice.

* * * * * After paying my sick friend one or two visits my business demanded my absence from the place a week or more, and I left him, with regret 'tis true, but expected on my return to find him, at least, 'out of harm's way,' and convalescent. But my expectations were vain. On my return, I descried from an eminence a funeral procession entering the 'burying ground' which lay but a short distance from Mr Ellenwood's, and the melancholy conviction settled upon my mind as a cloud that Francis was no more—was dead—and about to be committed to the silent dust! Heavens! thought I, can it be so? I gazed, and gazed upon the reluctant movements of the long life of relatives and friends until they had fairly entered the depository of the dead; and the bearers had actually committed the cold remains of the noble, yet unfortunate Frank Ellenwood to the grave!—

Oh! how unwillingly did Uncle Joseph, and his wife, and surviving children, and the bereft and beautiful Laura too, turn away from the open grave of the child—the brother—the lover! Grief became irrepressible, and the passing breezes caught up the wail of anguish and bore it far into the distance!

That night I hastened to the afflicted home of Mr Ellenwood, to speak, if I were able, a word of consolation in the ear of the good old man and his heart-broken and weeping family. I entered his door, but oh! how changed the scene! Joy—peace—prosperity! Where had they fled? The old man's heart was full—his utterance choked, and so of all the rest; but sighs, and tears, and throbbing bosoms, proclaimed in strains of melancholy eloquence the unutterable bitterness of the hour! The hand of God had 'touched' us all, and with chastened spirits we bowed before the 'Judge of all the earth,' knowing that He had done all things *right*, though He had wrapped His dispensation in 'clouds and darkness.'—This unlooked for bereavement was to Uncle Joseph as a cloud doubly charged with electric power! It gathered, deepened, expanded, and hung portentously on all the horizon of his earthly prospects; and ever and anon the deep-toned thunder uttered its angry voice, and the lurid lightnings played athwart the measureless gloom which settled upon his soul! Poor man! How I pitied him, as he bent beneath the crushing load of his afflictions! The furrows grew deeper on his care-worn cheek, and the locks whiter on his head; and the language of his broken heart was like that of the bereft monarch of Israel—"Oh! Absalom! my son! my son!"

But this was but the setting of the sun of Uncle Joseph's domestic affairs—the twilight of the deep, dark night of sorrow through which he must wade, nor find a blissful morning beyond it. In a few

weeks his wife—the companion of his youth—the mother of his children—sickened and died. Mr Ellenwood was severely wounded in his spirit by the sudden demise of his son, but now the iron struck to the centre of his soul! His loved son and affectionate consort now slept side by side in the palace of Death, and himself and three small sons and seven daughters were left to struggle with the adverse scenes of a heartless world. How remorseless the King of terrors!

'He enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell!'

Who can endure the torment of silence, and the plague of loneliness? Mr E. could not; and he arranged his affairs and in about a year from the decease of his wife, removed to a town on the Connecticut some thirty miles distant.—Here he found abundant and profitable employment for himself and children in a manufacturing establishment, and a pleasant situation, and many kind friends—*Christian* friends—to sympathize and condole with him in his multiplied afflictions. He did not, and *could not* forget the stormy sea of sorrows on which his worldly hopes had been wrecked; but now, in a measure, the winds had ceased their howl—the waves their tossing—and were settling away into a calm; and the parting clouds intimated their consent again to let the rays of the sun fall on his gloomy pathway; but for Uncle Joseph there were no more cloudless days in this world, and the sun of his own life was about to set behind eternity!

On a blooming September day, in 1834, Uncle Joseph was employed, with several others, in making the "second crop" of hay, and met with an accident which terminated in death before the bright sun which he greeted in health in the morning, had sunk away to his nightly retreat in the west! So true is the language of the poet:

"With noiseless tread Death comes on man!

No plea—no prayer delivers him;
From 'midst of life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him!
And ready, or not ready—no delay!
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away."

The mortal remains of Joseph Ellenwood now repose beside his wife and eldest son—where, let them rest in hope "till the heavens shall be no more." The wild winds now sweep unceremoniously over their grassy bed, and sigh a plaintive requiem as they pass—the dirge of departed friends!

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid.

* * * * *

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep."

In this inscrutable stroke of Heaven ten ORPHANS were thrown upon the capricious benevolence of the world; but to them the promise has been amply verified—"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."—Those orphans yet live, and I sometimes see them—the *remnant of the Stricken Family of JOSEPH ELLENWOOD.*

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE DYING YEAR, ETC.

The dying year! the dying year!
For it we weep the silent tear,
And heave the bitter sigh;
Its days, how soon they flee away!
Nor will its passing moments stay,
But hasten on to die!

If back we turn our moistened eyes,
And gaze upon the winter skies,

When first the year begun,
Oh, how our hearts are pained to see
The change in human destiny—
The race of thousands run!

The parent, father, loving, loved;
Affectionate, and kind, and good,

With joy commenced the year:
But now he rests beneath the ground,
In sleep unbroken and profound;
And 'small and great' are there.

The mother, too, believed and loved;
So tender-hearted, pure and good,
Compassionate and mild,
Has met the monster—felt his stroke;
The 'silver cord' is touched, and broke:
From earth she's now exiled.

The son and daughter, too, are fled—
Are numbered with the silent dead,
And all their work is done!
Their youthful fire has ceased to burn;
Their ashes moulder in the urn;
The grave they could not shun.

Sisters and brothers there repose,
The shades of death around them close,
And hide them in the tomb:
Why could not *these* the tyrant spare!
The bud and blossom, sweet and fair,
By frosts, how soon benumbed!

Friends, too, are gone the darksome way;
For us no more they weep and pray—
Their throbbing hearts are still:
In death's cold arms secure they lie;
Their spirits rest above the sky,
Released from every ill.

The great and good, the just and wise,
On earthly scenes have closed their eyes,
And entered into rest:
They've passed the dreary vale of death,
Resigned to God their fleeting breath,
And sing among the blest.

All o'er this wide and babbling earth,
The revelling song of guilty mirth
Has changed to sighs and moans:
Sweet music's voice we cannot hear;
No echoes wander far or near,
Except in dying groans.

Oh, Death! proud monarch of the tomb,
Thy home is deep in dismal gloom,
Down in the lonely grave;
And we are hasting to that home,
As swift as we are borne along
On Time's incessant wave.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.**

Who can tell a Mother's influence ;— Gentle as the genial shower ; yet its effects on the moral world are not less than those of that on the natural. Silent as the distilling dew, yet potent as magic. As the love of home in the breast of the Swiss emigrant sometimes lies dormant, until a native air, or song awakens an irresistible desire to revisit the rugged sides of his snow-capped mountains ;—so a Mother's influence may seem to lose its power, until some casual circumstance calls up the fire-side scenes of youth, and all the Mother's care and tenderness—and then, like an out-gushing fountain it flows over the whole heart, and governs every emotion of the soul.

I have an incident to the point. Near my youthful residence lived an old lady who had a son, then in my boyish days, almost grown up to manhood—an only surviving child—his father also having died some years before. The old lady was poor in this world's goods, having only the little cottage in which she lived, to which was attached a small piece of land, though she managed, with the assistance of her son, to obtain a comfortable livelihood ; yet she was pious and devoted. I recollect her the more vividly, because I used to pass directly by her door on my way to angle in the stream which ran near by, and occasionally called to have a social chat with her, especially on my return, if I had caught a larger trout or more in number than common. I loved to visit her not only for the purpose of boasting of my success in angling, but I loved also to come in contact with such a relic of antiquity ; she seemed like a delegate to represent a former generation in the midst of the present ; and moreover her conversation was spiced with strong good sense, surely, a most rare quality in these days.

In a few years she passed away from

earth, and her last remains were placed in the silent tomb ; and her son, though she had taken much pains to make religious impressions upon his heart, and implant virtuous principles there, and had spent much time in praying for and with him, yet was rather a wayward child, though not openly vicious. His Mother on her dying-bed had called him to her, and with all the pathos and eloquence which a death-bed can give a dying mother, besought him to lead a virtuous and pious life. Soon after his mother's death, he went west, and all the pious instructions, and godly warnings he had received were forgotten, or ceased to exert any influence over him. He evidently grew worse, and never thought of keeping the Sabbath holy or entering a place of worship. He married, and suffered his rising family to grow up around him more like heathen than the citizens of a civilized and christian country.

Years passed on in this way, and he seemed beyond the reach of all religious influence ; but there were feelings dormant in his heart, soon to be aroused, and to lead to circumstances that would change his entire character. One evening in the month of October, having made a call at one of his neighbors a mile or two distant, somewhat late, he was returning to his dwelling. The evening was uncommonly beautiful, the weather being very mild for the season, whilst not a cloud obscured the sky, which was adorned in the eastern part and over head, with the most brilliant constellations which bespangle the heavens ; and to cap the climax of the glory of the scene, the moon almost full-orbed was throwing her mantle of silvery light over the fading beauties of the year.

'The gloom of Autumn,' the silence and sublimity of the scene, together with its loneliness, contributed to dispose his mind to contemplation and sober thought. And while he gazed on those stars, the

moon, and all the glories before him—his mind was forcibly recalled to his youthful home: they were the same he had often admired there when enjoying a mother's kindness, love, and pious counsels. Especially did it remind him of one evening, when in the same season of the year, with the same moon and stars keeping their vigils in the heavens; he returned at a late hour to his mother's cottage; and as he drew near the door he heard within the voice of prayer—it was his mother. And fearing to disturb her, he remained to listen, and heard her praying most feelingly and fervently for him. Many times before *with* him had she prayed for him, but never did it so effect his heart as at present; and with streaming eyes he knelt on the ground and vowed to heaven that he would lead a better life; and, for sometime there was a marked change in his appearance and conduct. The present circumstances brought all this,—the solemn vows he then made—with force to his mind; and all the history of his life spent in his mother's cottage, and especially the closing scene of her life passed suddenly through his thoughts. He was effected to tears—the deep fountains of his soul were broken up, and again he sincerely and solemnly vowed, that, in the strength which heaven ever affords the truly penitent, he would break off his former habits and lead a new life. This was Saturday evening; and on the next morning he asked his wife to go to meeting with him, telling her his new resolutions; and that day, the first time for many long years, the sanctuary of God echoed to the sound of their footsteps. It is sufficient to say that his resolutions were faithfully kept; that his wife followed his example—and that, instead of permitting his family afterwards to grow up like heathen, he taught them to reverence the Sabbath, and love the sanctuary. Such is a Mother's influence.

N.

12*

From the Boston Miscellany.

A young Florentine is attached to a lady of higher rank, to whom he is personally a stranger. One night he dreams that he has been presented to her; the next day he meets her in the street, wearing a garland of the flowers called *Belle-de-Nuit*, which implies consent. On the strength of this coincidence he sends her the following verses:

Oh, fairer, fresher than the face
Of morn, when first, in maiden grace
With half-averted eyes,
O'er lawns, besprent with dewy drops,
Or on the misty mountain tops,
She sees the sun arise!

Say, why those radiant locks enfold
Within their mazy threads of gold
The pale-faced belle of night,
When Flora's most resplendant glow
Would hardly match that marble brow
And eye of sapphire light.

Ah, might I hope that mystic flower,
Which suits so ill thy beauty's power,
Were meant to be the sign
Of some fond time, when twilight pale,
Sweet saint! shall lift the virgin veil
From Love's propitious shrine!

Too daring thought! then let me rest,
Content on fair Illusion's breast
To slumber life away;
Content, (perforce,) at least by night,
To clasp in dreams the vision bright
I worship all the day.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE VALLEY—THE HILLS. *A Tragic Tale.*

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

How many admiring lovers of nature, and wandering pedestrians in their perambulations have exclaimed—'Noble Connecticut! Its beautiful valley!—What far-wandering river surpasses it in grandeur, or what sweeping vale exceeds in loveliness and beauty the winding course and alluvial meadows of the monarch stream of New England?' Such is the kindling rapture of all who love natural or rural scenery when they pass up and down Connecticut river. Among the northern hills of Vermont this stream is comparatively insignificant; but as it

dashes along its eddying course, it widens and deepens, till finally it swells into a majestic sheet, pellucid too, as ever whirled itself in a zig-zag line among 'perpetual hills' or 'everlasting mountains.' Its current is restless and swift; and in its impatience to mingle with the Atlantic waters, it plunges with a thundering shout through deep ravines, foaming with wrath at the contractedness of its pathway, till anon it leaps with tremendous roar from crag and cliff—forming wild, yet beautiful cascades which image forth the grander exploits of Genesee or Niagara Falls. And then the meadows, the rich and lovely meadows, which extend from the margin of the river to the base of the mountains. Who ever looked out upon them on a May morning, or a sunny day in June, or a mellow day in September or October, when the athletic yeomanry are 'shouting' the corn 'harvest home,' without imagining himself in some fairy land, the retreat of the gods, or within the precincts of primitive Eden? The warbling songsters, and violets, and roses in May; the green grass, herbage, and embryo crops in June; and the golden harvest, and ripe, rich productions of the soil in September and October, emptied into the lap of industry with a prodigality characteristic of Nature herself, create an interest and enchantment all along the 'winding way' of the limpid thoroughfare of the hardy sons of New-Hampshire and Vermont, which can be realised in but few places on the round sphere we inhabit.

Scattered farm-houses, beautiful villages, busy towns and bustling cities, are seen all along down the sweeping valley of the Connecticut. These have all sprung into being within one hundred and fifty years.

Among them may be mentioned Belows Falls, Brattleborough, Greenfield, Northampton, Amherst, Springfield, Hart-

ford and Middletown, as places of unsurpassed romance and loveliness. One must be a perfect master of himself to witness the neatness, beauty, order, and enterprise of these places and not be completely enamored of them. Here nature and art engage in constant rivalry. Here too are learning and religion. Primary and high schools, colleges, universities and churches, all proclaim the intellectual and moral character of the inhabitants—all show that the sons and daughters of the 'Connecticut Valley' are not a whit behind the chiefest of the descendants of the Pilgrims in mental and religious cultivation.

We may pause here and turn back on the past—far back, when nature's sceptre was stretched from the Atlantic coast to the distant West—from Long Island Sound to the northern extremity of Vermont; when the giant forests had never felt the levelling force of civilization; and the silence and solitude of all this country had not been broken, save by the yell of the savage, the scream of the eagle, the hoot of the owl, or dismal howl of the forest beast. But even then might be heard the murmuring waters of the Connecticut while pursuing his undirected way to the great reservoir. On his banks—in all his green carpeted valley, could then be found no cultivated fields, smiling gardens, flourishing towns or cities—but one wide, solitary waste—occupied only by ferocious beasts, or the fiercer North American Indian! Aside from these wild associates, solitude herself sat all alone; but her loneliness was not doomed to perpetuity. The night of savageism could not last forever; its deep, Egyptian darkness was not impervious to the rays of the rising sun of civilization, freedom and religion! In a winter of the 17th century, (1620,) the MAYFLOWER appeared off the New-England coast with a band of self-sacrificing adventurers, determined on the security and enjoyment of their

religious rights and civil freedom. They rounded the extreme point of Cape Cod, entered its Bay, passed the 'Gurnet' on Duxbury beach, touched at Clarke's Island, thence dashing through the dangerous 'horse race,' planted their weary feet on PLYMOUTH ROCK, and then and there formed a nucleus for the settlement of the whole country. The dangers and difficulties of the new colony were many and appalling; but they struggled through them, and ultimately prospered, and explored the coast from Sandwich, Mass., to Portsmouth, N. H., and then wheeling in a westerly direction they travelled away into the interior until they stood on the enchanting banks of a splendid river. Was this another Jordan?—another Canaan? They went up into the tops of the New-England Teneriffes to see, and lo! as far as the eye could wander they beheld 'a land of corn, of wine and oil,' and the serpentine course of the murmuring waters, talking in nature's dialect to the vista of evergreens, maple, sycamore and elm, through which they passed. They looked deeper still into the southern distance, and the prospect grew richer and lovelier, and here at once they resolved to form new settlements, and scatter themselves all o'er this 'goodly land.' 'No sooner said than done.' Husbands, wives, and little children soon entered the highway of the pathless wilderness and patiently labored on till they set themselves down in the 'beautiful valley.' And now the axeman made war on the forest, and the sound of his heavy and oft-repeated blows pierced the deep and universal silence, and laid the mute monarch in the dust. The shout of agricultural and domestic joy rang among the hills, and the wandering echoes lost themselves in the recesses of the mountains. From far up into Vermont and N. Hampshire, down to Saybrook, Conn. the uniformity of nature was despoiled. The rough, yet busy hand of industry cut

down the woods; planted gardens and fields; erected rude, yet comfortable houses—and in some sections, grouped so many of them together as to dignify them with the title of 'villages.' The murky clouds which had hung so long and heavily on the horizon of the 'new world,' began to break into fragments, and through their deep chasms the anxious eye of the 'Pilgrims' could see the azure heavens smiling upon them, and rejoiced in the anticipation of sunny days, happy months, and peaceful years! Had they forgotten the language of the poet:

'We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.'

Whether they had or not, danger did not sleep around them. The cautious and jealous Indian had been no idle spectator of these incipient measures of civilized life. He walked through glen and glade with a melancholy heart; he paced the eminences and hill-tops with savage emotions, and in the retreat of the mountains, covenanted with the wild ghost of his ancestors speedily to revenge this intrusion of the white man into the sanctum of the sons of the wilderness. The demon of the woods kindled within him the fires of indignation, and in the thick underwood of the forest he collected and arranged the elements of a terrible storm, and only waited for an opportunity to pour its merciless contents on the confiding ones who had too incautiously ventured within his power.

Time passed on, and brought the wished for opportunity—a calamitous day for the settlers. They had seen the 'smoke' coiled in the eye of the Indian, and tho't too little of it; but when, in the silence of midnight, from the chosen ambush, the savage hordes sent forth the startling war-whoop—terrific as the yell of demons—the emigrant could no longer remain ignorant of the conflict in which he must engage, or the *fate* which awaited him. Himself, his wife, and children,

must *then* die, or go into a long and perilous captivity.

There is scarcely a town on either bank of the Connecticut, but has been invaded, perhaps burnt, and many of its inhabitants cruelly murdered by the red, barbarous, primeval 'lords of the soil,' and on the plains, to this day, are seen the crushed bones of our fathers who fell beneath the tomahawk or scalping-knife of the infuriated savage; nor can one pass the lone pyramids which stand here and there by the highway, erected to the memory of some daring 'son of the pilgrims,' without shuddering with the thought that to possess this 'land flowing with milk and honey,' our venerable sires steeped it in their blood.

Those trying days have gone by; those 'perilous times' have long since fled away, and are lost in the mighty ocean of 'duration past;' and the sun of domestic, civil, and religious freedom, joy and safety, appears, full orb'd, in the heavens; and silver-tongued hope *yet* talks of *richer* joys, *greater* possessions, *happier* days. No red man is left to roam the forest—no screech of the panther or howl of the wolf startles the peaceful flock, or timid inmates of the cottage: these are all gone; their last echo has been lost in silence for more than half a century.

On the western bank of the Connecticut lies a chain of hills and mountains, lifted in gradations above each other, until their summits kiss the clouds. They have been christened the 'Green Mountains.' From the base of their loftiest ridge gush forth a variety of streams, large and small, which go leaping, roaring, dashing on to some resting place in the vallies. Some of these limpid rivulets swell into quite important rivers, and rush with wildest fury among the hills until they find a level, and then march civilly along, under the chastening influence of more equal circumstances, till they shake hands and intermingle with

some larger body of the 'pure element.'

Among these streams, Westfield, Deerfield, and Green Rivers hold a respectable and equal rank. Their sources are found far up in the heights of the Green Mountains; and from these elevated points they sweep through dark and narrow defiles, down into the smiling valley of the Connecticut, as if impatient to ripple along the meadows, or sleep quiescent in some alluvial bed.

There are three branches to Green River which unite at the foot of the beautiful 'hill country' of Colerain, Franklin county, Mass. The main branch rises among the highlands of Guilford and Halifax, Vt., and starts off like a race-horse through a deep cut in the mountains, and over a limestone and granite pathway, to see how 'men and things' appear in Greenfield, Springfield, Hartford, and Long Island Sound. The banks of this stream are overhung with beech, birch, maple, ash, &c., and here and there the 'long, sweeping fingers of the willow' touch a chord in Nature's harp, and add affecting loneliness to the scene. The towering hemlock too spreads his evergreen branches to the 'breeze which wantons o'er the billow' at his roots, and becomes a secure retreat for the squirrel, the raccoon, the hawk and owl, where, alternately, may be heard their chatter, scream, hoot, and ominous bark—ominous of the 'coon's' pilfering expedition to some neighboring cornfield. In other days, this must have been an excellent retreat for the hunter's game; for even now if a fox, or lynx, or bear, or wild-cat, determine to burrow in their old homes despite the encroachments of civilized aggressors, they may be found in this section.

On either side of the river high hills rise with gentle activity so as to be easily brought under cultivation as 'dairy farms;' and here and there may be seen the comfortable, neat, and often splendid

cottage and mansion of some thrifty yeoman. The greatest portion of the primitive forests have been laid prostrate, and the oriental gloom and sombre character of these 'everlasting hills' have passed away; and so have Indians, wolves, and bears; and beauty, peace, plenty, and luxury, have come down to dwell with the happy proprietors of the soil.

The interest and romance of rural life is unsurpassed. The great, the rich, the *Dons* of the land know nothing about it. Let the gouty epicure, and the pallid dyspeptic, heart-sick voluptuary live in the glory of idleness and ease—finding fault with 'all creation' round them; but give me a 'grazing' agricultural portion, among the plough-boys and dairy-maids of western Massachusetts, Vermont, or New Hampshire. The young men, if they cannot turn a college somerset, or ape some democratic lord, or straggling 'highness' from over the waters, in accomplishment and etiquette, yet they possess the rare trait in intellectual character, 'common sense; a little learning; sometimes a real fund of mental acquirements; and 'good manners' enough to make them respectable members of society; and passion and principle sufficient to render them agreeable companions for the ladies!—ay, and beaux too, before companion-day arrives.

(Concluded in our next.)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Bend, heavenly muse, and teach my lay
To celebrate this happy day,
Best day which ever dawn'd.
Auspicious day of grace and love,
Fraught with sweet blessings from above,
Though much by sinners scorn'd.

Tune all your strains, ye bliss-born throng,
And echo that delightful song
Which heralded the hour
That did the saints in Zion bless
With rich imparted righteousness,
And everlasting power.

Well might you shout—well might you
sing,

For unto us was born a king,
An infant king divine!
Lift up your heads, ye highest gates,
For lo! a vast hosanna waits,
And glories round him shine.

Ye saints, come ope your lips to praise,
And notes of heavenly rapture raise,
To crown the Prince of Peace;
His throne *all thrones shall overthrow*,
And make expiring nations know
He ever will increase. OLEANDER.

Christmas Evergreens.—Tradition says, that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs, and that the disciples adopted the plan as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the monks built their temple in that manner, probably to imitate the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak. The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and, as the oaks were then without leaves, the monks obliged the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreens; and Christians, on the twenty-fifth of the same month, did the like—from whence originated the present custom.

Fortune's an empty void, and hoards but
air,
Till use lends weight to wealth, and tart
to care.
Thus shine the rich man's joys: when
shared, they flow;
He that would well possess, must wide be-
stow.

Lawyers and Painters in Heaven.—A sign painter carried a bill to a lawyer, once, for payment. The lawyer after examining it said—'Do you think any painters will ever go to Heaven, if they make such charges as these?' 'I never heard of but one that went,' said the painter, 'and he behaved so bad that they determined to turn him out, but there being no lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment, he remained.'

'If those bright orbs that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom fate has torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.'

We may always find occasion to utter
what we have to say—and it is generally
more acceptable after we have heard what
others have to say.

Editorial.

INGRATITUDE OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.—No crime is more to be abhorred than ingratitude: it is of all the vices, the most debasing to the mind; it exhibits the mere selfishness of human nature treading down those nobler sentiments which elevate their possessor to the proper rank of men; and it fosters a meanness of soul that renders the ingrate the detestation of his neighbors, and the avoided of all virtuous men. An ungrateful man is instinctively scorned by all the good who know him.

Especially do these remarks apply to ungrateful sons and daughters; to those youth who forget their innumerable obligations to the authors of their existence, and treat their grey hairs with neglect and disrespect. Their conduct is unnatural and revolting. It is graphically illustrated in the following beautiful figure by Michael Menot, a French Divine. He says: "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the cares which they want."

Let the reader picture to his fancy the minstrel monarch of Palestine flying like a fugitive from his royal palace in Jerusalem, in consequence of the intrigues of the beautiful but unprincipled Absalom. Let him picture the heavy gloom that sits on that aged brow where the silvery hair hangs straggling in wild disorder; see the silent tears that flow down his wrinkled cheeks! mark the paternal despair that shadows his noble countenance! hear the gushings of parental fondness, charging his faithful warriors, in touching tones of sorrow, to *'deal gently with the young man Absalom!'*

Now picture the heady, rebellious young prince at the head of his insurrectionary forces. Remember, he is the child of his

father's truest affections. See his long luxuriant hair flowing in the breeze; the flash of restless, fiery excitement burns in his brilliant eyes; ardor and passion show themselves in every movement of his person: his sword is drawn; he harangues his followers; he breathes his purpose into their maddened souls! What is it? Hear it—IT IS, TO CRUSH HIS VENERABLE FATHER!

Despicable young man! Contemptible wretch! Unnatural child! are the expressions which we imagine to rise spontaneously to the lips of the reader, as the sketch of Absalom's infidelity to his father rises before the mind: and these are *just* expressions in view of his conduct, for all they contain, and more besides, pertains to the memory of that unhappy young prince.

But are they less applicable to those of our times who are guilty of like offences? To that young lady, for instance, whose conduct is a source of perpetual care and anxiety to her parents; or to that one, whose aged mother, depending on her for sympathy and help, receives sourness for the former and neglect for the latter? We opine not; and it is for the special benefit of such young ladies that this article was penned. Let them look into it, as in a mirror, and reform.

DRESS OF THE LADIES IN JAPAN.—As the ladies are generally interested in matters that pertain to dress, we presume the following description of the dress of the Japanese ladies will not be unacceptable. It consists of a number of loose wide gowns worn over each other—those of the lower orders made of linen or calico, those of the higher generally of silk—with the family arms woven or wrought into the back and breast of the outer garment, and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are enormous in width and length, and the portion that hangs below the arm is closed at the end, to answer the purpose of a pocket; subsidiary, however, to the capacious bosoms of the gowns, and to the girdles, where the more valuable articles are deposited; among these are neat squares

of *clean white paper*, the Japanese substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs! which, after being used, are dropped into the sleeve until an opportunity offers of throwing them away.' 'The women usually wear brighter colors than the men, and border their robes with gay embroidery or gold.'

Besides these gowns they wear on public occasions a cloak, and trousers of peculiar structure. The latter 'seem to be formed of an immensely-full-plaited petticoat, sewed up between the legs and left sufficiently open on the outside to admit of free locomotion.'

No shoes are worn within doors, but only socks. The shoes they wear when abroad are made of mere soles of straw, matting, or wood, which are fastened to the foot by a pin or button, which is held between the two largest toes, an aperture being left in the sock for this purpose.

Their hair is very luxuriant, and is arranged in form of a turban, and ornamented with costly pieces of finely polished tortoise shell, fifteen inches long. The more of these that project from a lady's hair, the better is she dressed. They paint their faces red and white, and stain their lips with purple with a golden tint. *Married* ladies have their teeth blackened, and the hair of their eye-brows extracted.—They wear no hats, except when exposed to rain, but always carry a fan, which serves to screen them from the sun.

Such is the dress of the ladies of Japan. If any of our readers fancy it, they have our full permission to adopt it, with the privilege of being heartily laughed at by the whole community, whenever they appear with it in public.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION DECIDED.—The color of Satan has long afforded matter for learned disputation. White men, of course, pronounce him black, for it would be unpardonable for so desperate a personage to wear the color of the *virtuous* pale face. But black men insist upon the whiteness of his satanic majesty: and who shall decide between them? Perhaps the following veritable item from the chronicles

of the high and mighty kingdom of Japan may help us to a conclusion.

Once upon a time, the renowned theologians of the ancient empire of Japan were warmly engaged in the discussion of this grave matter. Four opinions were sustained by as many parties. One party said he was white; another affirmed he was black; a third declared he was red! while a fourth gravely pronounced him green! The dispute waxed hotter and hotter between them; but, as in most such cases, the more they argued the farther were they from settling the knotty question. At last, they debated themselves out of temper, and were on the eve of a civil war, when some sagacious wiseacre suggested that it was best to submit the question to the emperor for his decision. To this all parties agreed, and wondered how they had been so stupid as not to think of it before, for surely, they all said, the emperor must know.

Accordingly, it was submitted to his most serene highness. After deliberating with all the care necessary in resolving so profound a problem, he boldly declared that all the parties were right, for the devils were of all four colors, some being white, some black, some red and some green!

This wise conclusion satisfied them all, and they subsequently held their respective opinions in the utmost harmony and good feeling.

A PEDANT is thus described by a French poet:

'Brimful of learning see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puffed
with pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read
And with their maxims stuffed his empty
head:

And thinks that without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.'

He that easeth the miserable of their
burden, shall hear many blessing him; fill
the poor with food, and you shall never
want treasure.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

RESURRECTION. 7s. 8 lines. BREWSTER.

1. { Ma - ry, to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the ear - - ly
 Spice she brought, and rich perfume, — But the Lord she loved had
 Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing

dawn, } For a-while she lin - gering stood,
 gone ; } Filled with sorrow and sur - - - prise ;
 eyes.

2.
 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead —
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change His word can make —
 Turning darkness into day ;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3.
 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear :
 Though you now are tempest tost,
 On his arm your burden
 On His love your thoughts employ :
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.